

NO.  
40

JULY

# PEP



the SHIELD

AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE!

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# SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

## BULLETIN NO. 19

Members of the Shield G-Man Club:

Thousands of you have written in giving us *two* constant suggestions.

One—An organized pen-pal club so that all you Shield G-Men could keep in touch with each other through the mails.

Two—A Shield G-Man code.

They're both grand ideas. But we're going to go you one better.

*We're going to start a pen-pal club in code!!*

Here's the way it'll work. We'll give each letter in the alphabet a number. For instance: A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4 and so on. But we'll mix in the letters of the alphabet in our code in this way. Code for CAT would be 3 (A T) or (C A) 20. The letters of the alphabet are always put in parenthesis. So far, it's very simple. But now we have a *real G-Man trick* that's right from our own files.

*We'll write our messages backwards!*

For instance, if we want to write CAT in code we'll do it this way: 20 (A C) = TAC which is really CAT written backward. Pretty nice, huh?

Now here's how the pen-pal page fits into the picture.

Dusty and I are going to give you some names in code. We want you members to figure out the name and address—and write to them!

We also want the ones who receive these letters to write to us. That way we'll know whether our code has caught on.

Here's a sample name and address to make our code clearer. Supposing I asked you to write to:

(N) 1-12 (A) . . . 14-1-25 (R)

Decoded this would read: NALA NAYR. Now just turn each word completely around—and the name becomes: *ALAN RYAN*.

Okay, that should be clear enough. Now we'll list a few names and addresses for you Shield G-Man club members to write to. Write them nice, friendly letters introducing yourselves—and sign your names in code.

15-18 (A) 13 . . . (Y) 18-21 (M)

450 North Cicero Avenue

Chicago, Ill.

(NOTE: The 450 is not written in code. It is the actual address of the member you are going to write to.)

And here's a second name:

2-15 (B) . . . (R) 5-12 (L) 9-13

155 Baltimore Street

Dayton, Ohio

(NOTE: The 155 is not written in code.)

Okay, Pals! Now go to it.

*Sincerely  
Joe Higgins*

## USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins  
Room 315  
60 Hudson St.  
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



NAME .....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE  
IN THREE COLORS  
RED—WHITE—BLUE

THE ORIGINAL

# SHIELD

AND  
**DUSTY**  
the  
BOY DETECTIVE

*Introducing*

## MONSTRO

THE MONSTER FROM MARS

THE SHIELD TUNED ON HIS RADIO AND WENT SLAM-BANG INTO HIS CRAZIEST ADVENTURE! WE THINK ALL OF YOU WILL LIKE IT! WE KNOW ALL OF YOU WILL BE **SHOCKED!** SO STEP RIGHT UP AND MEET **MONSTRO** THE MONSTER FROM MARS!



RAY NOVICK



BOY, IT'S GOOD TO RELAX FOR A CHANGE! GEE IF YOU CAN GET SOME NICE SOFT MUSIC, LIKE A GOOD SCOUT, DUSTY!!

OKAY BUT JUST FOR YOU! I LIKE MY MUSIC NICE AND HOT!

AWRRK... MARS CALLING EARTH...  
AWRRK... ONE OF OUR PEOPLE IS ON HIS WAY TO YOUR PLANET.  
AWRRK... THIS IS NO INVASION... QUITE ACCIDENTAL!...

IS THAT MAN HERE, AGAIN?

THE BROADCAST IS RECEIVED WITH VARIOUS REACTIONS!!

HOLY MACKERAL, MABEL DID YA HEAR DAT?... GEE WHIZ, AFTER WORKING IN A WAR PLANT ALL DAY, A GUY EXPECTS SOME'N NEW! INSTEAD WE GET THE SAME OLD GAG!!

REALLY THAT ORSON WELLS IS BECOMING A FRIGHTFUL BORE, DON'T YOU THINK??

OH, YES, QUITE, QUITE!

LATER THAT EVENING...

THIS INACTIVITY IS KILLING ME! HOW ABOUT TAKING IN A MOVIE? THERE IS A SWELL PICTURE PLAYING IN THE STRAND!

HO, HUM! OKAY... GET MY JACKET LIKE A GOOD FELLOW!

JUST THEN, ON ONE OF THE CITY'S STREETS...

PARDON ME, SIR, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME, WHAT CITY THIS IS???

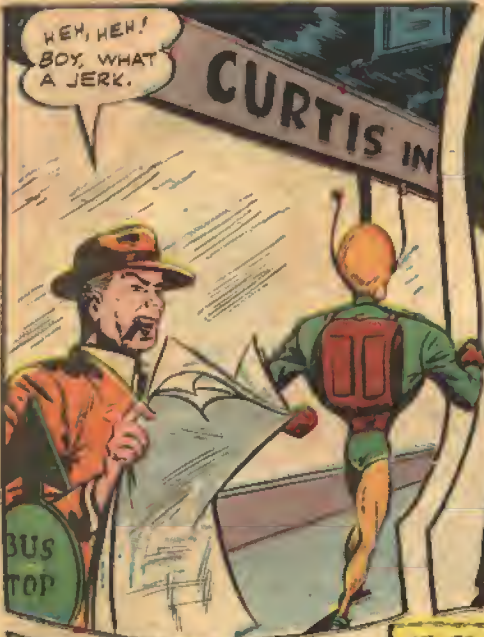
ARE YOU KIDDIN'?? EVERYONE KNOWS THAT THIS IS BROOKHATTAN!

THANKS!

OH, YOU'RE WELCOME, I'M SURE!

BUS STOP





HEY, HEH!  
BOY, WHAT  
A JERK.

CURTIS IN

BUS  
STOP



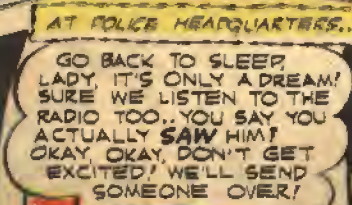
HOLY CROCKEYE!  
WHAT WAS THAT?



I'VE LEARNED  
MY LESSON!!

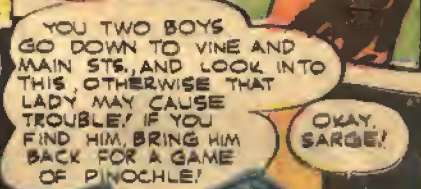


I'M OFF  
THE STUFF  
FOR LIFE!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS..

GO BACK TO SLEEP  
LADY, IT'S ONLY A DREAM!  
SURE WE LISTEN TO THE  
RADIO TOO.. YOU SAY YOU  
ACTUALLY SAW HIM!  
OKAY, OKAY, DON'T GET  
EXCITED! WE'LL SEND  
SOMEONE OVER!



YOU TWO BOYS  
GO DOWN TO VINE AND  
MAIN STS, AND LOOK INTO  
THIS, OTHERWISE THAT  
LADY MAY CAUSE  
TROUBLE! IF YOU  
FIND HIM, BRING HIM  
BACK FOR A GAME  
OF PINOCHE!

OKAY,  
SARGE!

BUT AS THE PATROLMEN  
ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION..



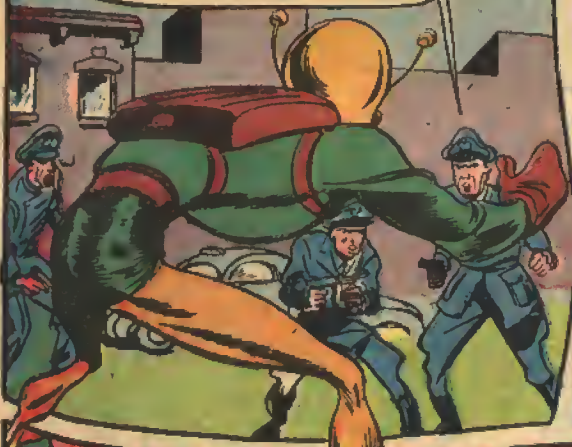
SAINTS  
BE  
PRAISED!



FLAHERTY- PHONE FOR  
THE RIOT SQUAD--- I'LL  
KEEP AN EYE ON IT!  
MAY HEAVEN HAVE  
MERCY ON ME SOUL!



WE GOT 'IM  
SURROUNDED! CAREFUL!  
NOW, HE MAY BE A KILLER!



CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES  
WITH THAT CREATURE! I'M  
GONNA GIVE 'IM A COUPLA  
BURSTS-- HERE GOES!





HE'S  
GETTIN'  
AWAY!  
LET HIM  
HAVE  
IT!

GLORY BE!...THE  
BULLETS ARE BOUNCIN' OFF  
HIS BODY LIKE HE WAS  
MADE OF METAL!



AT  
THAT MOMENT, JOE AND  
DUSTY COMING FROM THE  
MOVIES SEE--

WHAT'S ALL  
THE SHOOTING ABOUT,  
OFFICER?

LOOK UP  
ON THE  
ROOF AN'  
SEE FOR YER-  
SELF, HIGGINS!

IT'S A MARTIAN  
INVASION - THAT'S  
WHAT! AN' THAT  
GOON'S THE VAN-  
GUARD!

JUMPING  
JEHOSEPHAT!



SECONDS  
LATER  
IN AN  
UNSEEN  
ALLEY--

THE SHIELD'S NOT  
GOING  
AFTER  
THAT  
THING!

YOU  
AREN'T!

DUSTY, THIS MAY MEAN SURE  
DEATH! THERE'S NO TELL-  
ING HOW  
POWER-  
FUL THAT  
CREATURE  
IS!

I'LL  
TAKE MY  
CHANCES  
ALONG  
WITH YOU,  
SHIELD!





HE'S SOMEWHERE ON THIS ROOF!  
YOU TAKE ONE END, AND I'LL TAKE  
THE OTHER ---AND FOR THE LOVE OF  
HEAVEN - DON'T TRY TO HANDLE  
HIM ALONE!

OH, OH... THE SHIELD  
SAID TO YELL IF I  
SPOTTED HIM...

SHIELD! RIGHT  
OVER HERE!  
I GOT  
HIM!

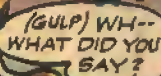
WHA....

I'M COMING DUSTY!  
JEHOSEPAT! DUSTY'S  
OUT COLD!

AND THAT  
MONSTER IS GO-  
ING TO TOSS HIM  
TO CERTAIN DEATH!

SHIELD!  
HELP!





**P..PLEASE  
DON'T HIT  
ME AGAIN!**

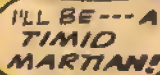
I SAID  
PLEASE DON'T  
HURT ME! WHY  
DOES EVERYBODY  
WANT TO HURT ME?

OF COURSE  
I'M FROM MARS!  
BUT I DIDN'T IN-  
VADE!.. GOODNESS  
ME, I COULDN'T AF-  
FORD TO INVADE  
ANYTHING  
NOT WITH  
MY BLOOD  
PRESSURE!

I CAME HERE QUITE ACCIDENTALLY, I ASSURE YOU! GOT MIXED UP WITH ONE OF THOSE SPACE-ROCKET DOODADS OUR SCIENTISTS ARE ALWAYS FOOLING WITH.

BUT ALL THIS EXCITEMENT  
OVER ME, OH DEAR I'M ALL  
UNSTRUNG! I JUST KNOW  
I'LL HAVE A RELAPSE FROM  
THAT NERVOUS BREAKDOWN  
I HAD LAST  
YEAR! I'LL BE---

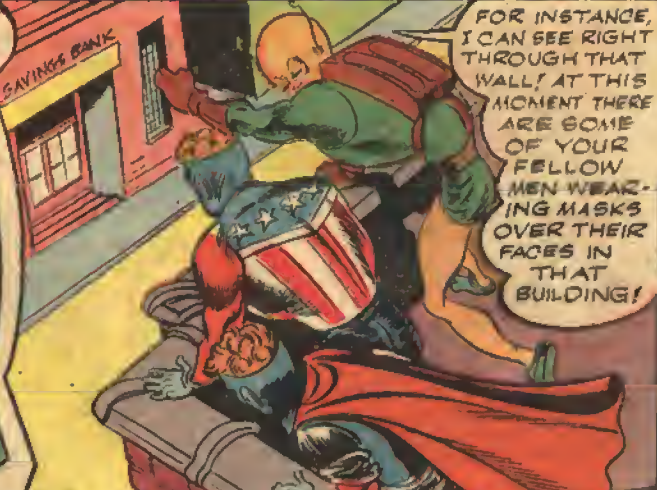
I'LL BE--- A  
TIMID  
MARTIAN!





SAY! HOW DO YOU KNOW OUR LANGUAGE, ANYWAY?

WHY, THAT'S QUITE SIMPLE! I'M READING YOUR MIND! WE MARTIANS CAN DO A GOOD DEAL MORE THAN THAT! WE ALSO HAVE X-RAY VISION!



FOR INSTANCE, I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH THAT WALL! AT THIS MOMENT THERE ARE SOME OF YOUR FELLOW MEN WEARING MASKS OVER THEIR FACES IN THAT BUILDING!

MASKS OVER THEIR FACES! YOU KEEP AN EYE ON--ON--

MONSTRO IS MY NAME! I'M PLEASED TO MEET YOU, I'M SURE!

I'M GOING OVER AND INVESTIGATE!

OUT OFF MY HAIR AND CALL ME BALDY! MONSTRO WAS RIGHT--! ROBBERS!



(GULP) THE SHIELD!







NOW I'LL JUST PUT YOU LADS IN COLD STORAGE FOR A WHILE--WHERE THE MOTHS WON'T GET AT YOU!

HELLO, POLICE! I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF BOYS AT THE FEDERAL BANK WHO CAME TO MAKE A WITHDRAWAL AFTER THE BANK HAD CLOSED!

WELL, DUSTY, MONSTRO KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT!

YOU MEAN HE ACTUALLY SAW CROOKS THROUGH THE BRICK WALL?

WHY, OF COURSE I DID! AND NOW GOOD BYE, GENTLEMEN!

JUST A MINUTE MONSTRO! YOU'RE NOT LEAVING US, YET!

WE CAN'T LET YOU GO PROMENADING AROUND THE STREETS! YOU'D CAUSE RIOTS! YOU'RE COMING DOWN TO THE POLICE STATION WITH US!

PLEASE DON'T TAKE ME TO THOSE HORRID PEOPLE! THEY FRIGHTEN ME! WHY THEY'RE EVEN LIABLE TO SHOOT AT ME AGAIN!







WAIT A MINUTE! JUST HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE MARTIAN, ANYWAY?

WHY I'M MONSTRO! OH, I FORGOT-- MY DISGUISE! WAIT A MINUTE! I'LL SHOW YOU!

SEE! I CAN CHANGE MYSELF INTO ANY FORM I WANT! I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T LIKE THE POLICE!

HOLY JOE! CHANGE RIGHT BACK AGAIN, WILL YOU! BEFORE SOMEBODY SPOTS YOU!

LATER IN THE SHIELD'S APARTMENT--

HAM--

HEH HEH!

HAM--

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT BOYS! I CAN READ YOUR MINDS! YOU'RE WONDERING HOW YOU CAN SEND ME BACK TO MARS! BUT I'M NOT GOING BACK! I NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN ALL MY LIFE! I LIKE IT HERE! SO I'M STICKING AROUND!

TALK ABOUT EMBARRASSING SITUATIONS! WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A GUY LIKE MONSTRO! HAVING HIM AROUND IS LIKE TAKING A BATH IN THE STREET! BUT THAT'S THE SHIELD'S AND DUSTY'S WORRY-- AND THEY'VE GOT PLENTY TO WORRY ABOUT! YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN IN AUGUST PEP! BE SEEING YOU!



# THE HANGMAN



BY  
BOB  
FINE

Dear Reader,  
At last I am able  
to release my most  
fantastic adventure.  
The Case of the  
Singing Corpse.  
Culter is a full ex-  
planation for delaying  
the release of this let-  
terature for one month.  
Yours  
The Hangman

FOR A LONG TIME, HERBERT COOK, THE SINGING CORPSE, WAS THOUGHT TO BE A SUICIDE! ONLY THE HANGMAN THOUGHT DIFFERENTLY! IN THIS ADVENTURE HE FOLLOWED THROUGH HIS HUNCH OF MURDER, SUCCEEDED IN TRAILING THE KILLER DOWN AN EXTORTING A CONFESSION! HOWEVER THE MURDERER DENIED THIS CONFESSION ON THE TRIAL STAND, AND I THE EDITOR WAS FORCED TO WITHHOLD PUBLISHING! THIS TALE UNTIL A JURY PRONOUNCED A SENTENCE OF GUILTY! THE MURDERER WAS SENTENCED TO BE HANGED!

Harry Shorter, author



IN BOB DYKING'S APARTMENT--  
IN JUST A MOMENT LADIES  
AND GENTLEMEN, WE SHALL  
PLAY A RECORDING OF HERB  
COOK'S LAST SONG!



HERB COOK? ISN'T HE  
THE RADIO SINGER, WHO  
RECENTLY COMMITTED  
SUICIDE?



THAT'S RIGHT!  
ALTHOUGH, NO-  
BODY KNOWS  
JUST WHY!



AT THE RADIO STATION--

PSST---BOB!  
A CALL JUST  
CAME IN FOR  
YOU!

WHAT? OH,  
OKAY!



IT'S FROM HERB  
COOK'S SISTER,  
ROSALIND!  
HERE, I WROTE  
IT OUT!



THANKS!

SILENTLY, A MURDEROUS FIGURE ENTERS  
THE SOUND BOOTH, INTENT UPON A  
HORRIBLE TASK---



AND AS SOON AS THE ANNOUNCER  
LEAVES---



NEXT- THE  
ANNOUNCER--





THE MURDERER GOES THROUGH THE RECORDS, TAKING THE LAST RECORD LABELLED COOK--



IN THE LISTENING ROOM OF THE STATION.

WHAT'S WRONG IN STUDIO B? THE PROGRAM STOPPED AND THEY STILL HAVE HALF AN HOUR!

YOU SHOULD FIRE THAT ANNOUNCER! IT'S A DISGRACE!



PHILLIPS! SOMETHING HAPPENED IN STUDIO B! THE SPECIAL RECORDED SONG OF THAT CHAP YOU MANAGE, HERB COOK, HAS BEEN INTERRUPTED! HE'S A JINX! FIRST HE COMMITS SUICIDE AND NOW THIS PROGRAM HAS GONE WRONG! COME ALONG WITH US!



GREAT HEAVENS-- THE ANNOUNCER!



AND OUR CONTROL MAN--- ALSO MURDERED!



THELMA, DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR-- MURDER!



THE HANGMAN'S GOING TO THAT STUDIO AND DO SOME INVESTIGATING!





A SHORT WHILE LATER---

UGH--WHAT BUTCHERY? NO, BUT HAVE THE POLICE--THEY SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE!



SAY-- I HEARD THE ANNOUNCER MENTION A HERB COOK RECORD, BUT IT ISN'T HERE!



OH, HELLO! MIND IF I BUTT IN ON YOUR CASE?

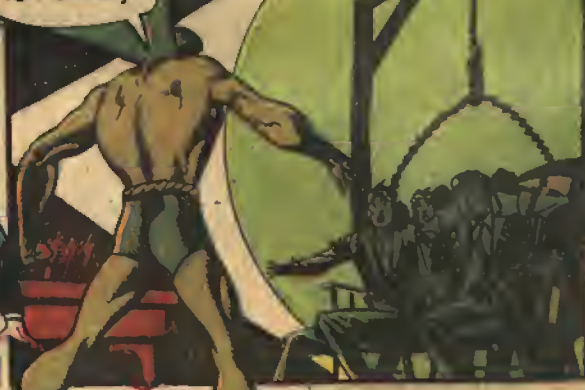
HANGMAN, THE ONLY ONE WHO MINDS ARE THE CROOKS--NEVER THE COPS!



CHIEF, ONE OF OUR MEN JUST FOUND BEHIND THE TERRACE SHRUBBERY A HERB COOK RECORDING! MUSTA BEEN DROPPED BY ACCIDENT!



IT WAS NO ACCIDENT! THAT RECORD WAS DELIBERATELY TOSSED AWAY BY THE MURDERER-- AND THAT MURDERER MIGHT HAVE BEEN ONE OF YOU! PLAY THAT RECORD, WILL YOU CHIEF?



THERE WAS BLOOD ON THE SADDLE AND BLOOD ON THE GROUND---AND A GREAT BIG PUDDLE OF BLOOD ALL AROUND! A COWBOY LAY IN IT COVERED WITH GORE HE'LL NOT BE RIDING HIS BRONC ANYMORE!"



SAY THAT WASN'T HERB'S LAST RECORDING! WE'VE HAD THAT ONE AROUND FOR QUITE A WHILE! --- THERE'S STILL A RECORD MISSING!



MEANWHILE, THELMA, WHO HAS EDGED HER WAY INTO THE STUDIO UNSEEN, BENDS OVER ONE OF THE CORPSES AS HER EYE SPOTS SOMETHING-----





A NOTE--MIGHT BE A CLUE--  
I'LL JUST HAVE A LOOK AT  
IT BEFORE I SHOW IT TO  
THE POLICE!



HEY, THERE, MISS GORDON,  
HOW'D YOU GET IN  
HERE? NO REPORTERS  
ALLOWED YET,  
SO SCRAM!



BUT--BUT, I  
FOUND SOME-  
THING-- OH,  
ALL RIGHT,  
I'LL GO!

HANGMAN, STAND  
BY FOR A PHONE  
CALL IN A FEW  
MINUTES!

HUH?



I'LL PHONE THE HANGMAN  
FROM HERE!



HELLO - HANGMAN? THE POLICE WOULDN'T  
GIVE ME A CHANCE TO TELL THEM--  
BUT I FOUND A CLUE TO THAT  
MISSING RECORD! I'LL READ  
IT TO YOU!



IT'S FROM HERB COOK'S SISTER; IT  
SAYS THAT SHE MADE A MISTAKE!  
SHE DIDN'T SEND THEM HER  
BROTHER'S LAST  
RECORD!



OOHHH!



THELMA! THELMA! WHAT'S  
WRONG?







THE MURDERER MUST  
HAVE SEEN HER PICK  
UP THE NOTE!



I HOPE I GET  
THERE IN  
TIME!



OH, MY  
HEAD!

THELMA, ARE  
YOU ALL RIGHT?  
WHO HIT  
YOU?



I DIDN'T GET A GOOD  
LOOK AT HIM, HANGMAN!  
BUT DID THAT NOTE  
EXPLAIN ANYTHING?



PLENTY!--THE MURDERER IS DES-  
PERATELY ANXIOUS TO GET COOK'S  
LAST RECORD, AND HE KNOWS BY  
NOW THAT COOK'S SISTER HAS IT!  
YOU PHONE COOK'S SISTER AND  
WARN HER!



I ONLY HOPE I CAN GET  
THERE IN TIME TO PRE-  
VENT HIM FROM  
DOING ANYTHING!



OH, HELLO, DEAR! WHY,  
YES, I HAVE THE RE-  
CORD!--OH, EXCUSE  
ME, THE PHONE!



YES, ROSALIND COOK  
BREAKING! WHAT? I'M  
IN TERRIBLE DANGER,  
YES SOMEBODY  
DID JUST  
ARRIVE---



MY FIANCE! -- WE'VE  
BEEN SECRETLY  
ENGAGED FOR  
QUITE A WHILE!

HIS NAME  
IS ---  
AAHHGT!

I'M TOO LATE! THERE  
GOES THE MURDERER--  
AND HE'S GOT THE  
RECORD! BUT I'LL  
GET HIM THIS  
TIME!

HA, HA, HA -- I'VE GOT  
WHAT I WAS AFTER,  
HANGMAN--AND  
YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO CATCH  
ME EITHER!

HE'S  
GET-  
TING  
INTO  
THAT  
CAR!

THERE'S JUST A  
CHANCE I CAN  
OVER-TAKE  
HIM BEFORE  
HIS CAR CAN  
PICK UP  
ENOUGH  
SPEED!

I'VE GOT HIM! A COUPLE OF  
MORE STEPS, AND I'LL BE  
ON THAT RUNNING  
BOARD!

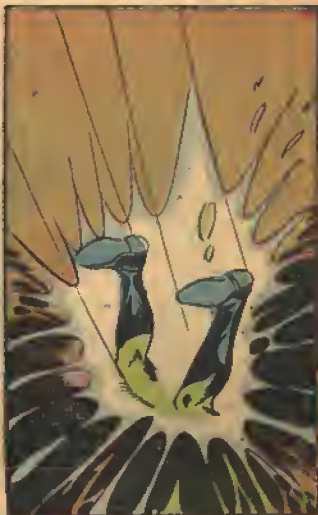
BUT, THE WILY, KILLER, AWARE OF HIS OWN DANGER,  
BRINGS HIS CAR TO AN ABRUPT HALT AND BEFORE  
THE STARTLED HANGMAN CAN COLLECT HIS WITS,  
BACKS UP!



MY TRICK WORKED! HE  
KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT, NOW TO  
GET RID OF HIM AND THE RECORD!



GEE! THE RECORD SLIPPED!  
NO MATTER--- THE HANGMAN'S  
DONE FOR ANYWAY!



BUT THE HANGMAN IS FAR FROM DONE FOR!

IT'S SO DARK, I CAN'T SEE WHICH WAY TO  
SWIM FOR SHORE! WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS  
LIKE THE PACKAGE THAT KILLER WAS  
CARRYING!-- UNLESS HELP COMES  
SOON, THIS EVIDENCE'LL NEVER  
DO ME ANY GOOD!



A BOAT! HELP!  
AHOY THERE!



BILLOWIN' BILGE-  
WATER! IT'S  
THE HANGMAN!

YES, THANKS  
FOR THE HAND,  
BOYS! FOR A  
MINUTE, I  
THOUGHT I WAS  
A GONER!



WHAT LUCK! IT'S THE RECORD--  
STILL UNDAMAGED! GET ME TO  
SHORE FAST, WILL YOU, BOYS! I  
HAVE AN IMPORTANT CALL TO  
MAKE!



SOMETIME LATER, IN THE  
RADIO STUDIO--

NO GENTLEMEN, IT WASN'T  
THE POLICE WHO ASKED YOU  
ALL TO GATHER HERE! IT  
WAS THE HANGMAN! HE KNEW  
YOU MIGHT NOT ALL COME  
UNLESS IT SOUNDED  
OFFICIAL!





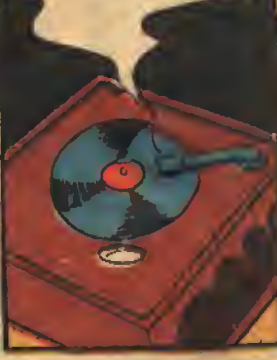
THE HANGMAN ASKED ME TO  
PLAY THIS RECORD! HERB  
COOK'S LAST RECORD--  
THE RECORD WHICH  
WILL EXPOSE HIS  
MURDERER!



THE FIRST HALF OF THE RECORD IS  
JUST COOK SINGING--UNTIL HE WAS IN-  
TERRUPTED BY THE KILLER! THE KILLER  
DIDN'T KNOW THE RECORD WAS GOING,  
UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE! I'LL PLAY  
THE LAST  
HALF!..



P-- PUT DOWN THAT GUN!  
PLEASE DON'T KILL  
ME-- I SWEAR I WON'T  
TELL ANYBODY  
THAT YOU--YOU--  
YOU-- YOU--  
YOU--



HMM--THE RECORD SEEMS TO HAVE  
STUCK JUST AS IT WAS GOING TO  
TELL THE MURDERER'S NAME!  
BUT I'LL FIX THAT IN A MINUTE!



STOP! DON'T  
TOUCH THAT  
RECORD!

WH-- WHA---  
THE GALLOWES!



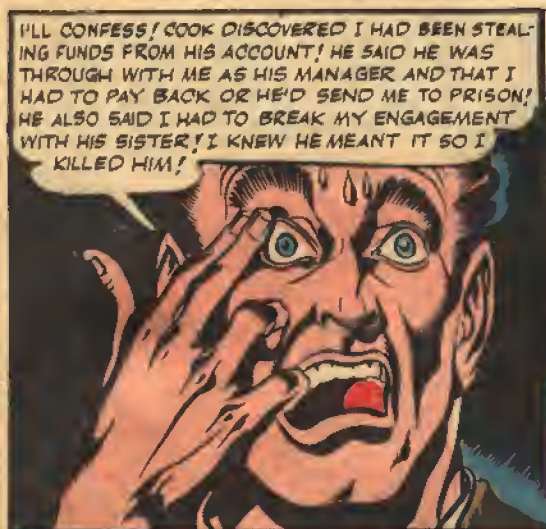
YES, PHILLIPS, YOUR GALLOWES! I WAS IN THIS  
ROOM ALL THE TIME WAITING FOR THE MUR-  
DERER TO CRACK--  
AND YOU  
DID!



YOU WERE COOK'S MANAGER, PHILLIPS!  
WILL YOU CONFESS TO HIS MURDER  
OR SHALL I CONTINUE THE RECORD  
AND LET THE CORPSE  
ACCUSE YOU IN  
HIS OWN WORDS!









# BLACKMAIL

## A SHIELD STORY

**J**OE HIGGINS paused under a streetlight to glance at his watch. Around him swirled a thick white fog. Suddenly a short, stocky man hurried up and thrust a package into his hands. Startled, Joe held the package for a moment as the little man scuttled up the street. Then he tore a corner of it and gasped. The package contained a bundle of hundred dollar bills. Joe started in pursuit of the mysterious stranger. A few minutes later he was surprised to see the man enter the town house of Roger Callway. "Well! This is interesting," thought Joe. "What on earth is Roger Callway doing handing out packages of money to strangers? It looks like blackmail to me." Swiftly his mind recalled certain facts about Callway. He had been prominent in government work until, suddenly and inexplicably, he had changed from a clear-thinking patriot to one of the country's most rabid isolationists. He maintained his isolationist

views even after Pearl Harbor, thus earning the dislike of most of his former friends.

As Joe rang the bell he wondered who could be blackmailing Callway, and for what reason. Callway answered the door himself. "Good evening, Mr. Callway. I believe you gave me this package by mistake."

Callway let out a gasp. "Mistake! You mean you weren't waiting for—" Instinctively he checked himself and said, "Er, I mean—what—er, package?"

"This package," said Joe grimly. "This package of hundred dollar bills."

"You must be mistaken," Callway exclaimed hastily. "I don't know anything about it. I haven't been out all night."

"You're lying," said Joe, sharply. "I know you've been out for your shoes are still wet. You're going to explain this money to me or to the police!"

"The police! No, no, don't

do that!" gasped Callway. "I'll tell you what I can. I'm being blackmailed and I've got to pay that money on the second day of every month. I don't know what will happen because I failed to do it tonight."

"Don't worry," Joe interrupted, "today happens to be the first. This may prove to be a lucky mistake for you. If you tell me the truth, and if anything can be done, I'll get my friend the Shield to help you."

Callway's face lit up. "The Shield! Do you think he—but no, even he can't help." Callway sighed wearily. "The worst of it is that after this payment I can't raise another cent. Maybe I'd better tell you about it. Come inside." In a tired voice Callway spoke. "Most people have forgotten that I had a young son. He was aboard the *Athenia* when it was torpedoed in '39. After months of hoping he might have been saved I gave him up for dead. Then one



day a stranger came and told me he had been picked up by a German submarine and was being held in a German concentration camp. If I wished him to remain alive he told me I had to pay ten thousand dollars a month for his upkeep, and also use my position to influence people of this country not to enter the war.

"I became furiously angry and threatened to go to the authorities but he laughed and said if I did, no one would believe me, and my son would be killed. It left me with no choice."

"H'm," said Joe, as Callway paused, "how do you know your son is alive?"

With shaking hands Callway held out several pictures. "These pictures. You see, I demanded proof at least every six months."

Joe examined the pictures thoughtfully and then asked if he might borrow one. As he prepared to leave he said, "make the payment as usual tomorrow night, and I'll see that the Shield is there. He'll find a way to help."

The next night the Shield crouched in a doorway. When he saw Callway make the pay-

ment he sprang out and overpowered the blackmailer. Hastily he went through the thug's pockets until he found an envelope in one pocket. Then he turned to Callway and handing him a gun he found in the Nazi agent's possession, he told him to guard him 'till a policeman came.

Callway turned on the Shield and spoke bitterly. "The police could have done this! Now my son will be killed."

"I can't explain," shouted the Shield as he sped away, "but I'll get your son."

\* \* \*

The next day the Shield arrived in a small town called Woodstock. His first stop was the postoffice where he asked the postmistress if she recognized the handwriting on the envelope taken from the blackmailer. "Why, yes," she exclaimed. "It's Bill Cramer's. He lives on the top of Ohayo Mountain."

A short time later the Shield approached the Cramer farm. A burley man came out and ordered him to leave. Then a second man carrying a shotgun appeared. Before he could raise it the Shield leaped upon him. There was a bitter strug-

gle as the men used every vicious trick they knew to disable him, but the Shield finally overpowered them. Then he burst into the house and after a hasty search found Donald Callway locked in a small basement room. After dragging the two captors of Donald to the sheriff's office, the Shield and the boy hurried back to the city.

At the sight of his son, Roger Callway nearly fainted. "But how did you know he wasn't in Germany, Shield?"

The Shield grinned. "The pictures gave me the clue. I wondered how they smuggled them in. Then I looked closely at the one Joe Higgins borrowed, and noticed something. I magnified the picture and found a typical American RFD box in the background. The envelope postmarked Woodstock that I took from the blackmailer's pocket furnished the right location. You see, Donald was picked up by a German Sub, but they landed him in America in the custody of these three Nazi agents. It was a lucky mistake that you made when you paid your blackmail money the wrong day! You have your son, and the government has three Nazi prisoners!"



# CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the  
BOY  
SOLDIERS



**T**HE  
CONGA  
GOES TO WAR!

WHAT WOULD  
YOU DO IF YOU WERE  
CASTAWAYS ON AN ISLAND  
OF SAVAGE HEAD HUNTERS?  
YOU DON'T KNOW, EH? WELL,  
HERE'S A TIP! DO THE CONGA!  
NO WERE NOT CRAZY! THAT'S  
WHAT CAPTAIN COMMANDO  
AND THE BOY SOLDIERS DID--  
AND IT SAVED THEIR LIVES!!  
YOU SEE IT HAPPENED THIS  
WAY-- WELL, SUPPOSE YOU  
READ THIS CRAZY ADVENTURE  
AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!!



CALLING THE RUSSIAN  
PACIFIC FLEET-- TRY TO  
LOCATE SURVIVORS OF  
BRITISH TRANSPORT SUNK  
BY U-BOAT OFF THE  
SOLOMONS?

CHINA CALLING..... NO  
TRACE AS YET OF SURVIVORS  
OF BRITISH TRANSPORT...  
WILL KEEP SEARCH-  
ING.

AUSTRALIA CALLING.....  
WILL KEEP ON LOOKOUT  
FOR SURVIVORS.....  
AFRAID IT'S  
HOPELESS THOUGH.

AND IN ENGLAND--

WELL IT LOOKS BLACK  
FOR THE TRANSPORT, ALL  
RIGHT-- LUCKY  
THE REST OF  
THE CONVOY  
GOT AWAY.

BEASTLY  
LUCK? I'LL  
SHOW THESE  
REPORTS TO  
THE  
GENERAL!

.... AND AMONG THE  
THE MISSING, SIR,  
ARE CAPTAIN  
COMMANDO  
AND THE BOY SOLDIERS!

JOVE!  
THAT IS  
A BLOW!  
THEY  
WERE A  
PRICELESS  
TEAM!

IT'S RATHER A SLIM  
CHANCE-- BUT IT'S JUST  
POSSIBLE THAT IF THERE  
ARE ANY SURVIVORS STILL  
AFLOAT, THEY MAY HIT....

BRADY CANAL

..... SOME  
UNCHARTED  
ISLAND THAT  
EXISTS IN THIS  
VICINITY.. RIGHT  
NEAR WHERE  
THEY SUNK!



WE TAKE YOU BACK 48  
HOURS--SOMEWHERE ON  
WEST PACIFIC....

WE GOT OFF THAT SHIP NONE  
TOO SOON... THERE SHE GOES--  
DOWN TO DAVEY JONES' LOCKER.

JOVE! THE REST OF THE CREW  
WASTED NO TIME GETTING AWAY  
FROM HERE--NOT A SIGN OF  
THEM AROUND.



THEY WEREN'T TAKING  
ANY CHANCE OF BEING  
SHELLED BY ANY SUBS  
THAT MIGHT  
BE HANGING  
AROUND.

ANYWAY, WE GOT  
ONE OF DEM SUBS.  
BOY, IT SURE WUZ A  
BEEOOTIFUL SIGHT  
TO SEE DAT--  
BOAT GO DOWN!



LOOK, FELLOWS--  
SOMEONE FLOATING  
ON A LOG!




WHY, IT'S A JAP!  
DO YOU THINK IT'S  
WISE, CAPTAIN?


WE CAN'T LET  
HIM DROWN....  
LEND A HAND LADS!








HAND ME THAT FIRST-AID KIT.... THAT'S A NASTY GASH HE HAS IN HIS HEAD!




HEY, CAP! LOOK AT THESE PAPERS I FOUND IN HIS POCKET!




WELL, I'LL BE--- HE'S THE CAPTAIN OF THE U-BOAT WE SANK!


HE IS? THROW 'IM OVERBOARD! LET HIM DROWN LIKE A RAT!



NO, FLATBUSH! WE'RE NOT THE SAME KIND OF JUNGLE BEASTS THESE KILLERS ARE!




HEY, CAP! MR. SUKI-YAKI HERE HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS!



LOOK, SLANT-EYES, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHAT OUR LOCATION IS? WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL TRY TO HELP!

AW, YER WASTIN' YER TIME, CAP! HE JUST DON'T SAVVY OUR LINGO!



HMM.... I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! YOU KIDS GRAB SOME SHUT-EYE... I'LL KEEP WATCH!



POOR LADS... THEY'RE EXHAUSTED... (YAWN)  
KINDA TIRED MYSELF- MUSTN'T SLEEP THOUGH...  
NOT WITH THIS JAP AS OUR GUEST.

SAY... WHAT'S THIS RUDDER  
WOBBLING FOR? I HOPE  
IT DOESN'T GO ON THE  
BLINK!



HONORABLE CAPTAIN  
IS BY NOW VERY  
MUCH ASLEEP  
IN THE DEEP!

NEXT MORNING...

HEY, WHAT IS  
THIS? WHERE'S  
CAP?



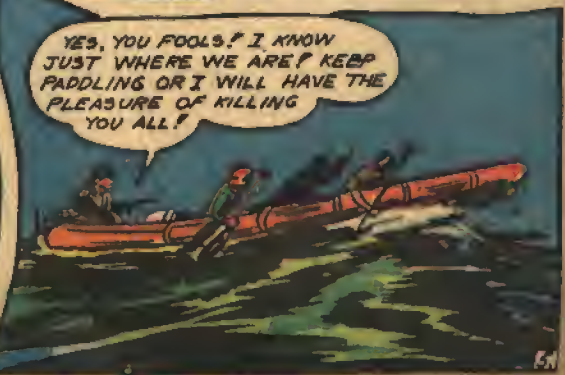
WHY YOU  
DIRTY RAT, YA  
KILLED THE  
CAPTAIN!



NOW THE REST OF YOU  
PLEASE TO PICK UP PADDLES  
AND PROCEED TO MOVE  
RUBBER BOAT IN SUCH  
DIRECTION AS I SHALL  
ORDER!



YES, YOU FOOLS! I KNOW  
JUST WHERE WE ARE! KEEP  
PADDLING OR I WILL HAVE THE  
PLEASURE OF KILLING  
YOU ALL!





AH... EXACTLY AS I EXPECTED... I SAW THIS ISLAND WHEN MY SUB ATTACKED YOUR BOAT?

NO, DON'T BOTHER TO GET OUT OF HONORABLE BOAT? YOU HAVE ALREADY SERVED MY PURPOSE, SO....

YA... YA... WOULDN'T SHOOT US DOWN IN COLD BLOOD... NOT AFTER WE SAVED YER LIFE?

HA, HA, HA, THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I INTEND TO DO WHITE PUPS?

NOW YOU D... UGH?

ULP... FROM THE FRYIN' PAN INTO THE FIRE, FLATBUSH?

YOU'RE TELLIN' ME, BILLY, AND FROM THE LOOKS OF 'EM WE'D HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF IN THE FRYIN' PAN.

WELL, ANYWAY THEY KILLED THAT DIRTY JAP?

YEAH? DAT'S SUMPH?

WELL, HERE WE ARE? THAT IDOL MUST BE THEIR GOD?

YEAH- AND THOSE POTS OF HOT WATER AIN'T THERE TO KEEP HIM WARM?

POST... BILLY? DAT DRUM... YER SPECIALTY, REMEMBER?

HOLY SMOKE! YOU MEAN... IT MIGHT WORK AT THAT... ANYWAY WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE?

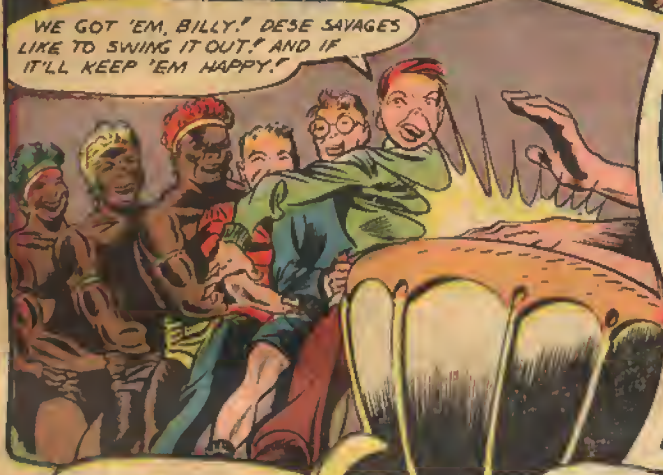




HEY, CONGA!  
LA CONGA!!



OH- HO! LA CONGA  
COME AN' DO THE CONGA  
♪ ♪ ♪ ♪



WE GOT 'EM, BILLY! DESE SAVAGES  
LIKE TO SWING IT OUT! AND IF  
IT'LL KEEP 'EM HAPPY.



BWANA!  
MALU BWANA!



OH, OH, DAT GUY LOOKS  
LIKE THEIR MEDICINE  
MAN-- AND HE  
DON'T LIKE  
CONGAS!

KANGA!  
KANGA!

S... S'LONG,  
FLATBUSH,  
PERCY AND  
ARMAND, THIS  
IS OUR FINISH!




BUT BEFORE THE  
CANNIBALS PUT THE  
BOYS TO THEIR DEATH,  
THE HIGH PRIEST  
PERFORMS A RITUAL  
BEFORE THE IDOL!



...AND SUDDENLY TO THE  
AMAZEMENT OF THE NATIVES--  
THE IDOL SPEAKS!!


MUMBO!  
JUMBO!  
B.O.!






AM- SCRAY, YOU  
HEATHENS!  
GO GET YOURSELVES  
A BOY OF CRISPY  
CRUNCH IF YOU'VE  
GOTTA HAVE  
BREAKFAST!

D... DAT VOICE!  
IT... IT'S  
DE CAP'S  
BUT... BUT...  
HOW...




WOW-- ARE  
DEY SCARED!  
LOOK AT  
DEM RUN!




THE MEDICINE MAN, BRAVER  
THAN THE OTHERS-- LOOKS  
BEHIND THE IDOL-- AND FINDS--

PEEK-A BOO!




MANYA!  
WAMBO KWANE!  
BINGO!!




GEE, CAP!  
NOW THE---  
WHA---THE--  
WE THOUGHT  
YOU WERE  
DEAD!

NEVER MIND  
THAT NOW---  
WE'VE GOT TO  
GET OUT OF HERE!



THAT MEDICINE MAN  
YELLED LOUD ENOUGH TO BE  
HEARD IN MINNESOTA--  
THEY'LL BE ON OUR  
TAILS, SOON!



OH, OH!  
SOONER  
THAN I  
THOUGHT!

WHAT'LL  
WE DO NOW!  
WE'RE CORNERED!  
THERE'S NO PLACE  
TO RUN OR  
HIDE!



GO DOWN FIGHTING!—WAIT  
A MINUTE! DO YOU BOYS  
HEAR ANY-  
THING  
STRANGE?

WHY YES! IT  
SOUNDS LIKE  
A MOTOR!  
AN AIRPLANE  
MOTOR!

CUT OFF MY LEGS  
AN' CALL ME  
SHORTY! IT  
IS, CAP!

AN AMERICAN  
PLANE!  
WE'RE  
SAVED! IF  
ONLY THEY  
CAN SEE US!

ED! LOOK  
BELOW! DO  
YOU SEE WHAT  
I SEE?

I SURE DO,  
PAL! I GOT  
A DARNED  
GOOD EYE!

SEE WHAT  
I MEAN?

CAPTAIN  
COMMANO,  
I PRESUME!  
YOU HAD FOUR  
COUNTRIES  
COMBING  
THE OCEANS  
FOR YOU!  
BOY ARE  
WE LUCKY!

YOU'RE LUCKY! AND WHAT  
DOES THAT MAKE  
US? DID YOU FIND  
ANY OTHER  
SURVIV-  
ORS?

EVERY ONE  
OF 'EM! NOT A  
MAN LOST! AND  
WHEN I RADIO  
BACK THAT I  
FOUND YOU, IT'LL  
MEAN A SURE  
PROMOTION FOR  
US!

BUT, CAP,  
HOW DID  
YOU  
GET  
ON  
THIS  
ISLAND?

EASY! THAT BUKI-  
YAKI DIDN'T CATCU  
ME COMPLETELY  
NAPPING! THERE  
WAS A LIFE  
BELT  
NEARBY  
WHEN HE  
SLUGGED  
ME!

I GRABBED IT,  
FOLLOWED  
YOUR BOAT,  
AND HEAR  
I AM!

THE TROUBLE  
YOU GET IN!  
CAP, YOU'RE IS  
A REAL PRO-  
BLEM CHILD!

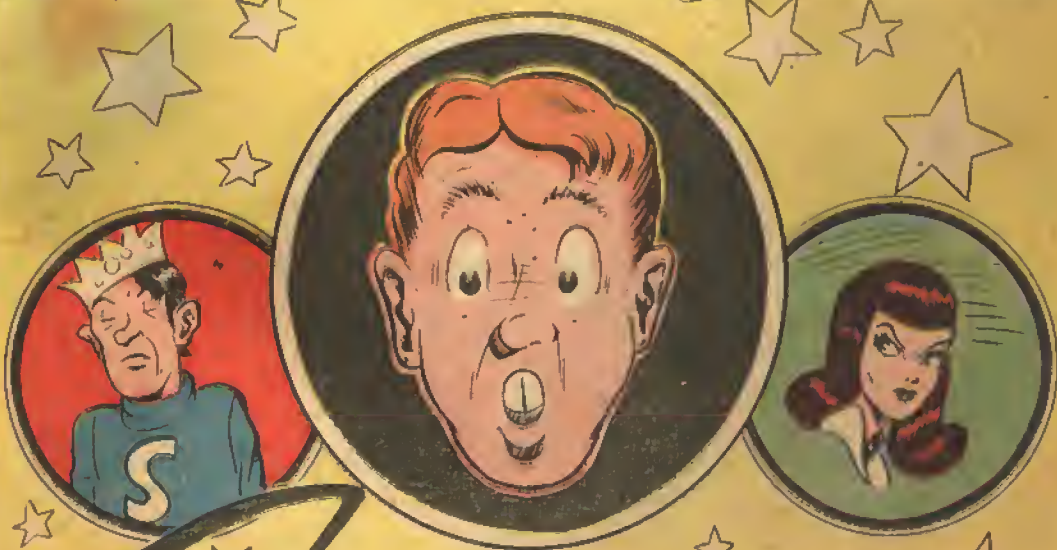


**A SMASHING  
SUCCESS!**

*The New*

**Archie**

*Comics*

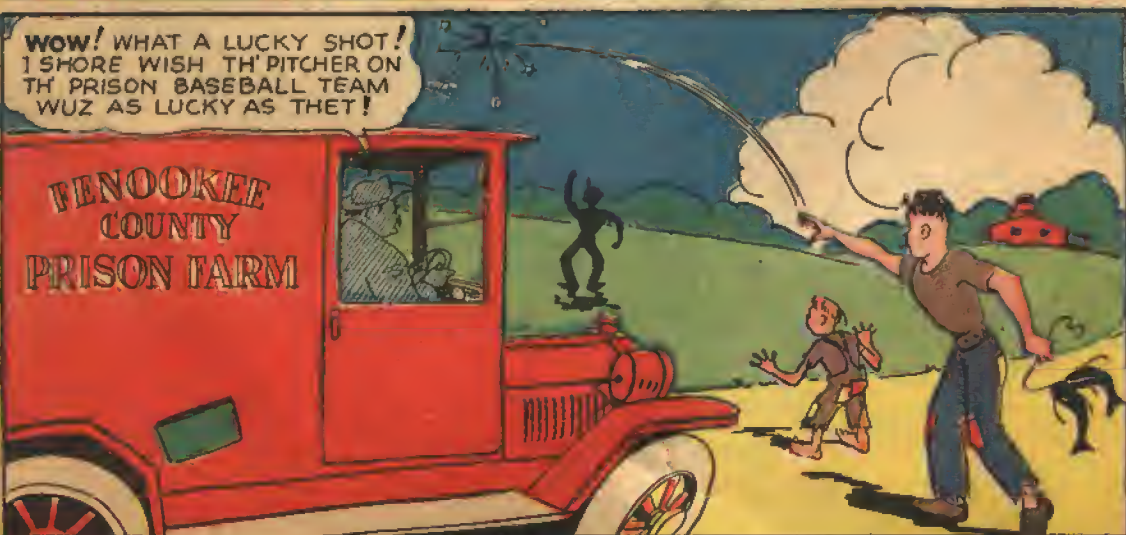


*The Worth of a Nation*



# Catfish Joe

By LARRY HARRIS





SON, I BET YOU  
WUZ AS SUPRISED  
AS THET HAWK  
WUZ WHEN YOU  
AKCHURLY HIT  
'IM!

NOPE - I WARN'T  
SU'PRISED! I WAS  
AIMIN' T' HIT 'IM!

AIMIN' HAIN'T  
ALWAYS DOIN'!  
EF YER SO  
GOOD LET'S  
SEE YA PEPPER  
THAT FELLER!

I HAIN'T GOT  
NOTHIN' AGIN HIM!  
BUT I'LL BUST THET  
LIMB JES' ABOVE HIS  
HAID!



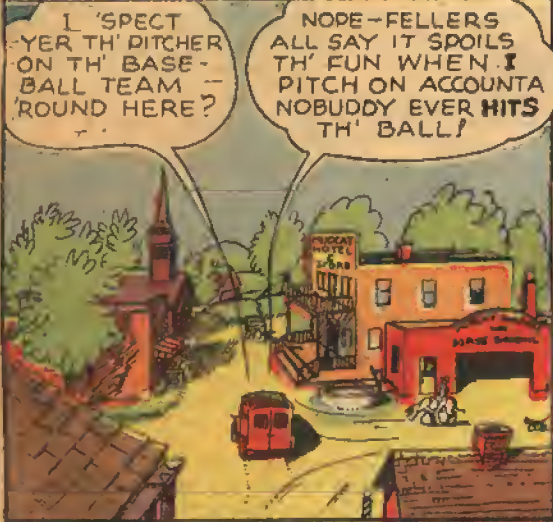
GOSH, SON, HOW'D  
YA EVER LARN  
T' DO THET?

THROWIN' ROCKS AT  
TOWBOAT HANDS!  
THEY ALLUS USTA COME  
IN CLOSE SO THEIR  
WAVES WOULD MAKE  
TH' SHANTY BOAT  
JUMP!

HA, HA! I'LL BET THEY STAY WAY  
OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE O' TH'  
CHANNEL NOW!

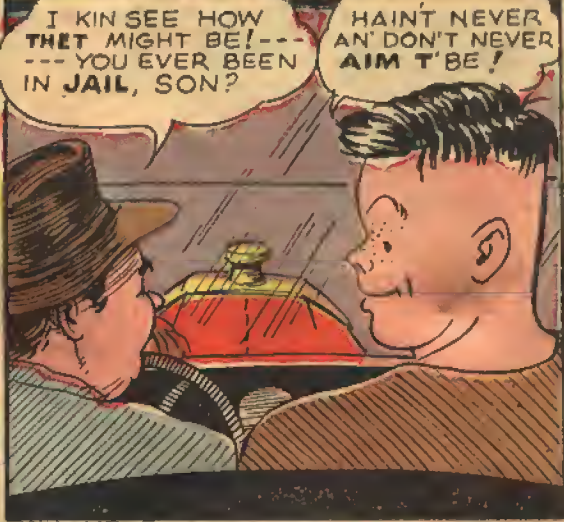
THEY SHORE  
DO! -- MIND EFFEN  
I RIDE ALONG WITH YOU  
FAR AS TH' STORE, MISTER?





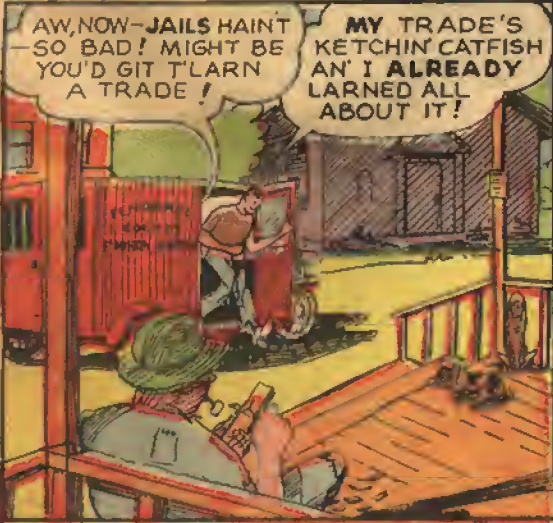
I 'SPECT  
YER TH' PITCHER  
ON TH' BASE-  
BALL TEAM --  
'ROUND HERE?

NODE--FELLERS  
ALL SAY IT SPOILS  
TH' FUN WHEN I  
PITCH ON ACCOUNTA  
NOBUDDY EVER HITS  
TH' BALL!



I KIN SEE HOW  
THEY MIGHT BE! ---  
--- YOU EVER BEEN  
IN JAIL, SON?

HAINT NEVER  
AN' DON'T NEVER  
AIM T' BE!



AW, NOW, JAILS HAIN'T  
-- SO BAD! MIGHT BE  
YOU'D GIT T'LARN  
A TRADE!

MY TRADE'S  
KETCHIN' CATFISH  
AN' I **ALREADY**  
LARNED ALL  
ABOUT IT!



WELL IF YA EVER FIGGER T' DO ANY  
LAW BREAKIN' YOU GIVE MY JAIL  
FIRST CHANCE WILL YA, SON?

THANKS FER  
TH' INVITE BUT  
DON'T COUNT  
ON IT!



I TELL YA, SHERRIF,  
WE COULD CLEAN UP  
A FORTUNE BETTIN'  
ON TH' TEAM EF WE  
HAD HIM ON IT --- BUT  
HE CAIN'T PLAY  
LESSER HE'S A  
PRISONER IN TH'  
JAIL!



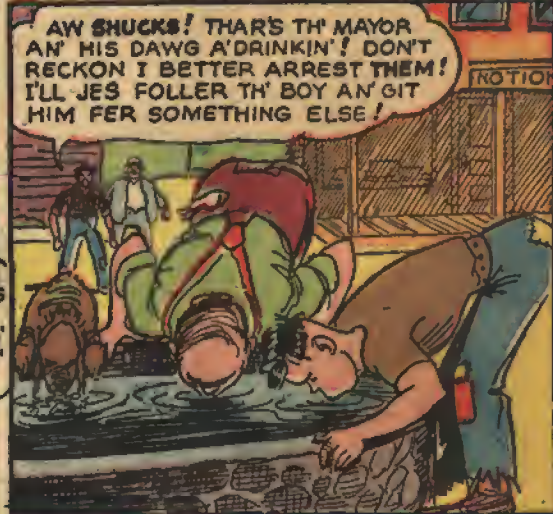
I'LL COME OVER  
THAR T' MUDCAT,  
WARDEN, AN' YOU  
POINT 'IM OUT  
T' ME. THEY'S  
LOTS O' FOOLISH  
LITTLE LAWS  
FOLKS AINT  
NEVER HEERD  
TELL OF AN' I'LL  
FOLLER 'IM 'TILL  
I KETCH 'IM  
BREAKIN'  
ONE O' THEM!



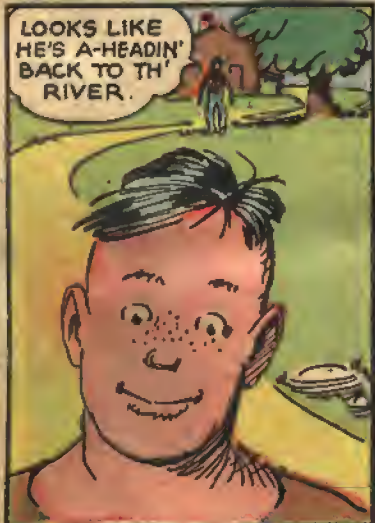


THAR HE IS,  
SHERRIF - THET  
BIG FELLER JES'  
FIXIN' T' DRINK  
OUTTEN TH'  
HORSE TROUGH!

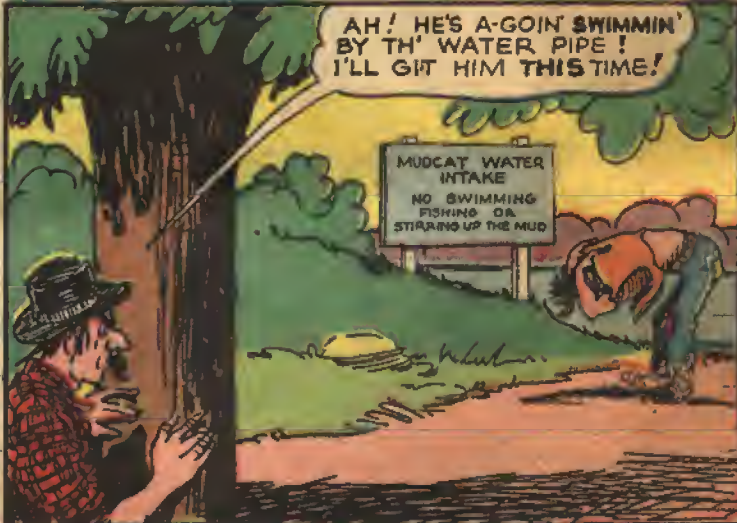
OH, OH! I'LL GIT HIM  
RIGHT OFF! THEY'S  
A LAW AGIN' ANY  
CRITTERS 'CEPTIN'  
HORSES DRINKIN'  
OUTTEN THET  
TROUGH!



AW SHUCKS! THAR'S TH' MAYOR  
AN' HIS DAWG A'DRINKIN'! DON'T  
RECKON I BETTER ARREST THEM!  
I'LL JES FOLLER TH' BOY AN' GIT  
HIM FER SOMETHING ELSE!



LOOKS LIKE  
HE'S A-HEADIN'  
BACK TO TH'  
RIVER.



AH! HE'S A-GOIN' SWIMMIN'  
BY TH' WATER PIPE!  
I'LL GIT HIM THIS TIME!

MUDCAT WATER  
INTAKE  
NO SWIMMING  
FISHING OR  
STIRRING UP THE MUD



DAWGONE! PAPPY'S GOTTA  
QUIT KEEPIN' HIS FISH HOOKS  
IN MY SHIRT TAIL! I COULD  
HARDLY WAIT T' GIT OUTTA  
TOWN SO I COULD TAKE 'EM  
OUTTA THAR!



WUZ YOU REFERRIN'  
T' ME, MISTER?

ER-WHY, NO -  
I WAS JES'  
CUSSIN' A BEE  
THET WAS  
FIXIN' T' STING  
ME!





SAY! HERE'S A SKIFF! LET'S YOU AN' ME DO SOME FISHIN'!

SURE - THEY'S EVEN FISHIN' POLES AN' BAIT A-SETTIN' IN HER!

WARNING!  
PRIVAT BOTE!  
IF YOU USE IT  
WITHOUT MY  
PERMIZHUN I'LL  
HAVE THE LAW ON  
YOU - CAP. PETE



HE FELL FER IT!  
HE TOOK THIS BOAT  
WITHOUT PERMISSION!  
BUT I MIGHT'S WELL  
HOLD OFF LONG  
ENOUGH T' LAND  
A NICE JUICY  
CATFISH!

MISTER, YOU  
GOT A NIBBLE!

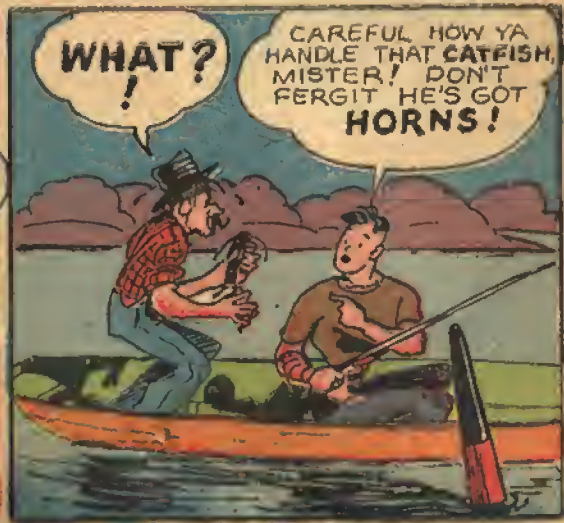


THERE! NOW  
I KIN ARREST HIM  
AN' CLAP HIM INTER  
TH' COUNTY JAIL!  
WHAT A BASEBALL  
TEAM WE'RE  
A-GONNA HAVE!



SON, I RECKON I'LL HAFTA  
ARREST YOU FER TAKIN' THIS  
BOAT WITHOUT CAP'N PETE'S  
PERMISSION!

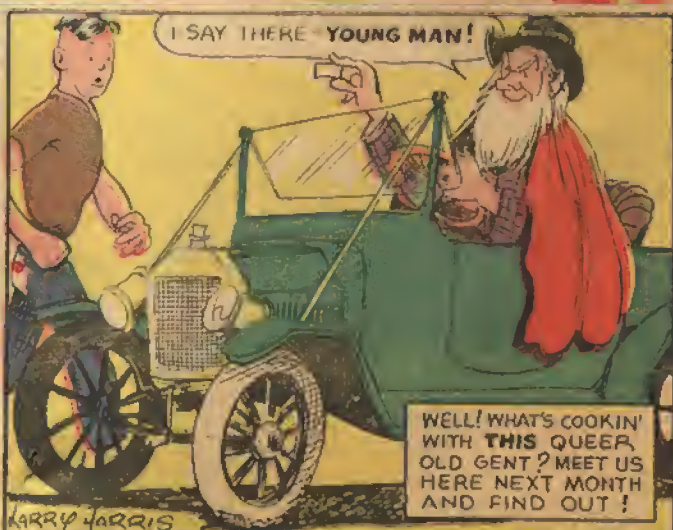
YA DON'T HAFTA  
BOTHER, MISTER, ON  
ACCOUNT O' ITS MY BOAT!  
I JES' LEFT IT BY  
CAP'N PETE'S SIGN!



WHAT?

CAREFUL HOW YA  
HANDLE THAT CATFISH,  
MISTER! DON'T  
FERGIT HE'S GOT  
HORNS!

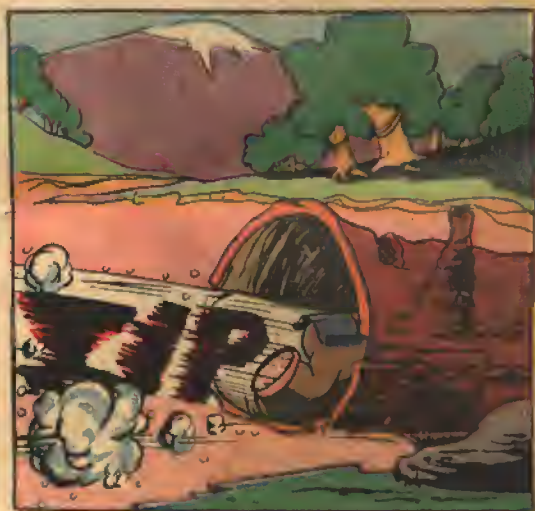




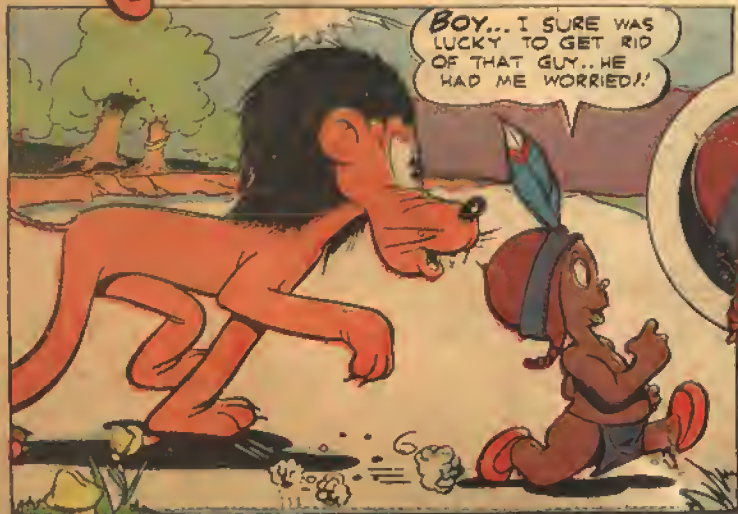




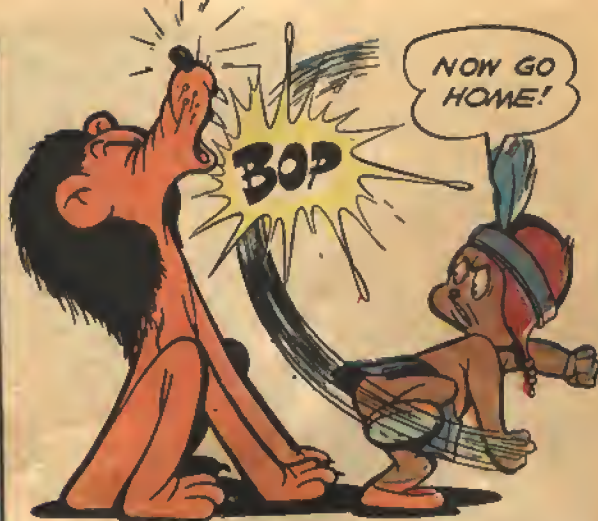




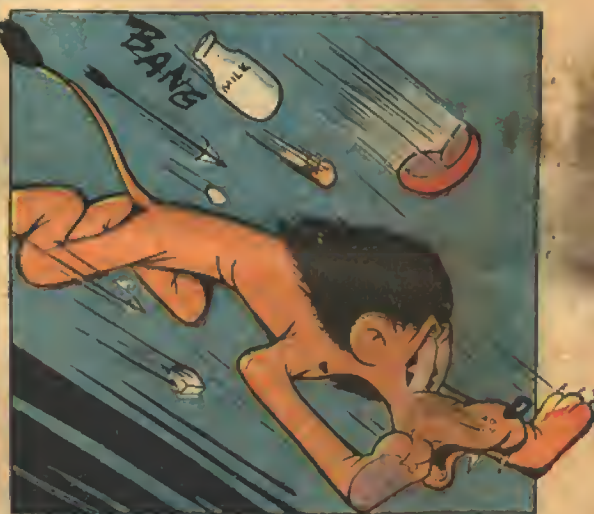




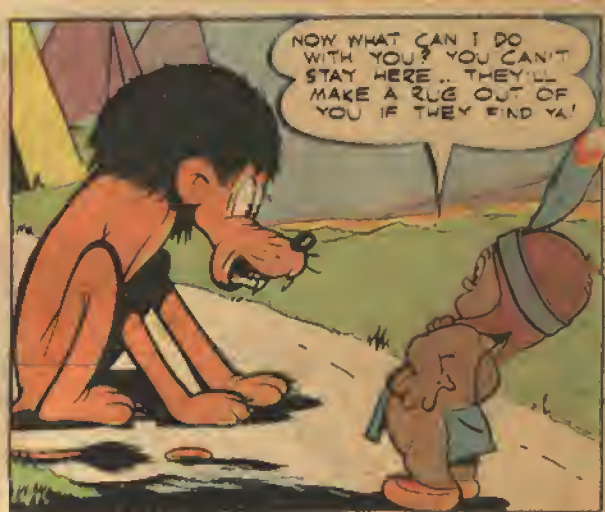








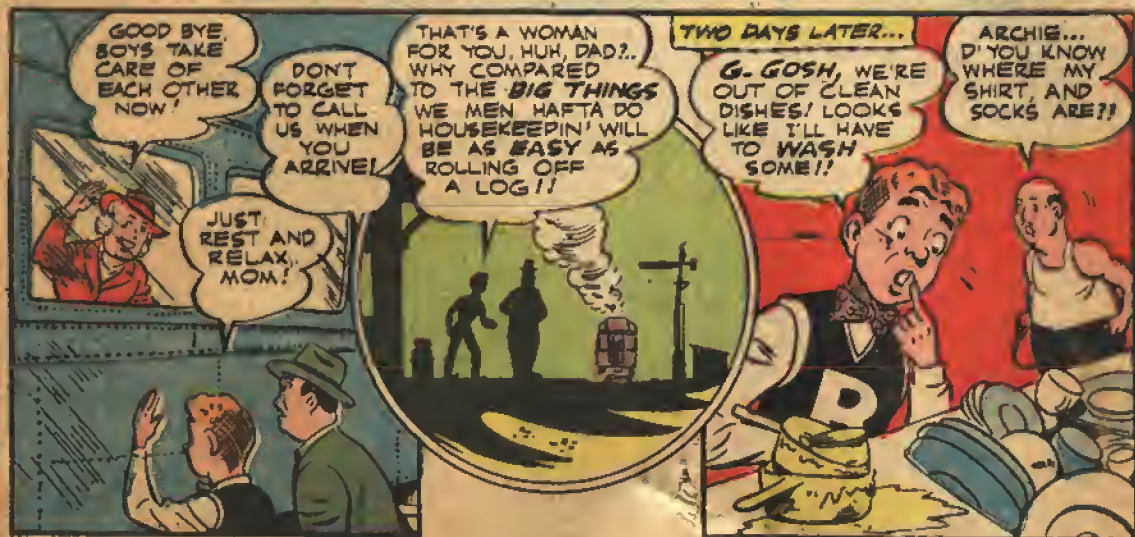




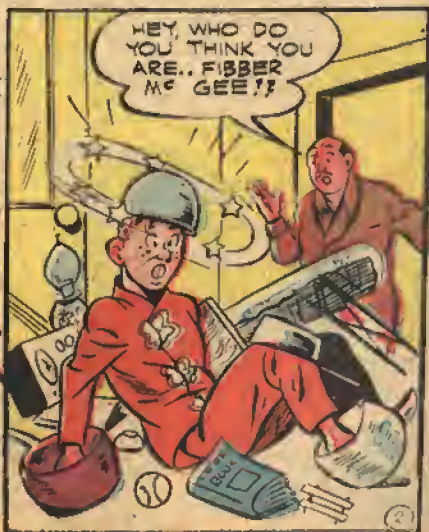
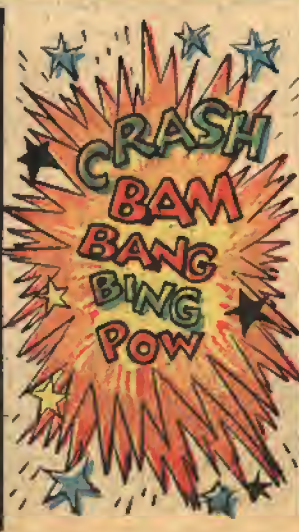
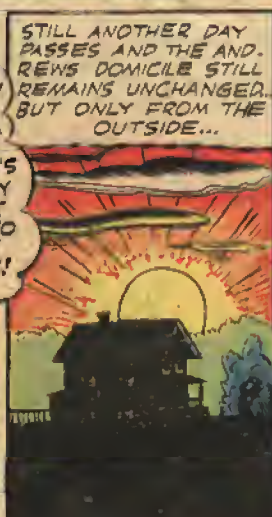
**WELL...** DO YOU EVER HEAR OF A LION, THAT HAD TO ACT LIKE A DOG? WILL THE INDIANS BE FOOLED?! FOLLOW A FURTHER ADVENTURE WITH FIDO, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **PEP COMICS!!**



# Archie











SERVES YOU RIGHT! I TOLD YOU A WEEK AGO TO STRAIGHTEN THIS CLOSET OUT!

WE'LL DO IT RIGHT NOW, DAD!



BUT DAD, WE CAN'T LEAVE ALL THIS JUNK PILED HERE IN THE HALL!

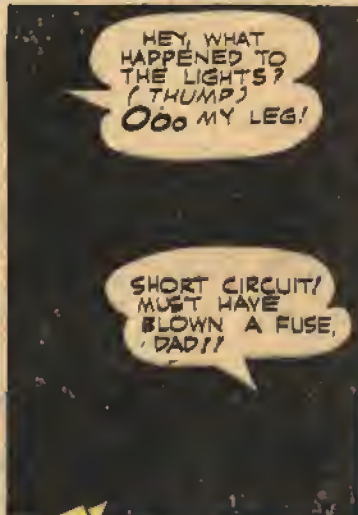
ONLY UNTIL I CLEAN SOME JUNK OUT OF THE ATTIC AND MAKE SOME ROOM. NOBODY EVER USES THAT BACK DOOR ANYWAY!!



WELL, I'LL MAKE SOME GRIDDLE CAKES, WHILE DAD IS CLEANING THE ATTIC!!



POW



HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS? (THUMP) Ooo MY LEG!

SHORT CIRCUIT! MUST HAVE BLOWN A FUSE, DAD!!



WELL, THE SUN'LL BE UP SOON, ANYHOW. AN' THIS CANDLE WILL GIVE US ENOUGH LIGHT MEANWHILE!

JUST WHAT IS THAT MESS YOU'RE MAKING?



GRIDDLE CAKES! HOW DO THEY TASTE, DAD??

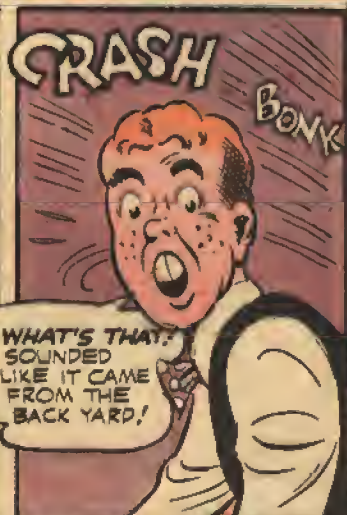
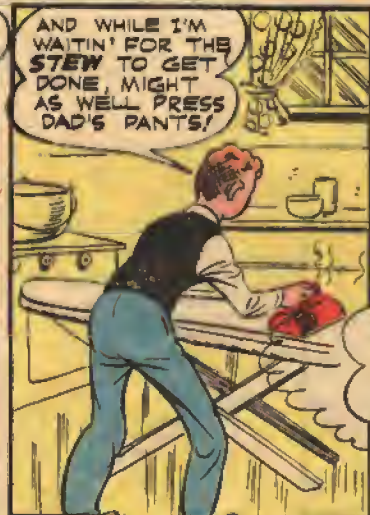
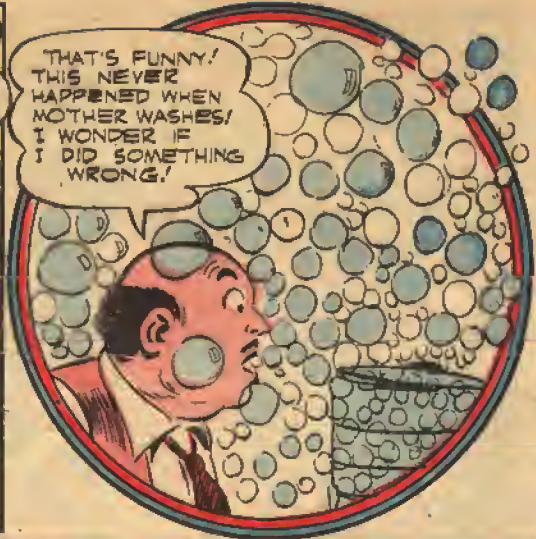
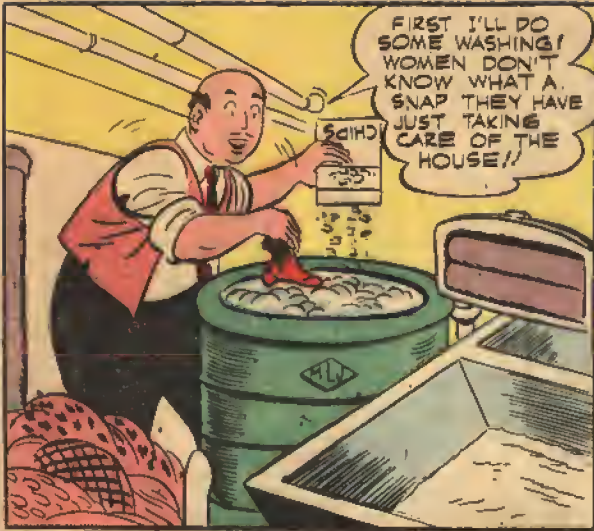
NOT BAD, IF I DRINK MY COFFEE FAST... FIRST TIME I'VE EVER HAD BREAKFAST BY CANDLELIGHT!



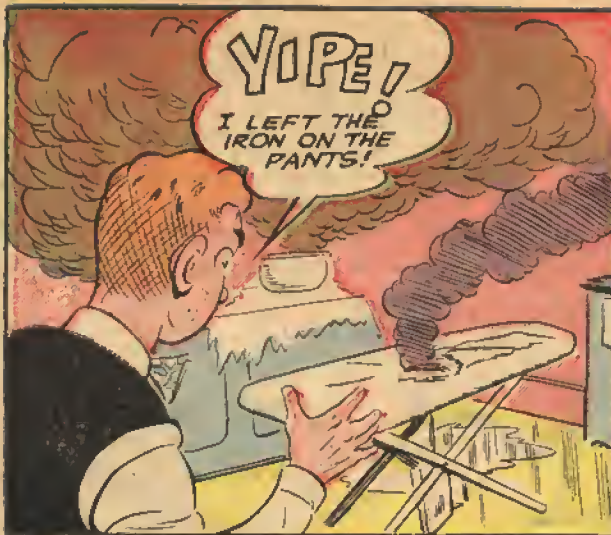
WELL, MIGHT AS WELL REALLY GET THIS HOUSE STRAIGHTENED OUT. ONCE AND FOR ALL!

OKAY, DAD, YOU DO IT! I'LL PREPARE THE LUNCH!



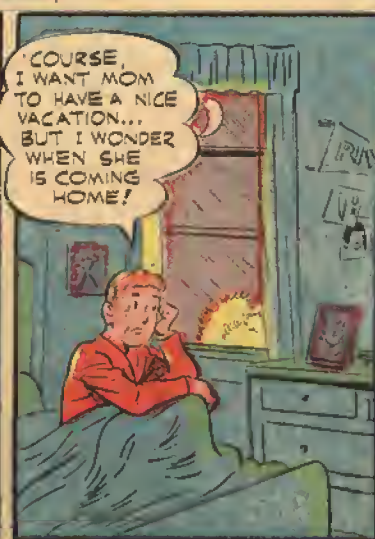
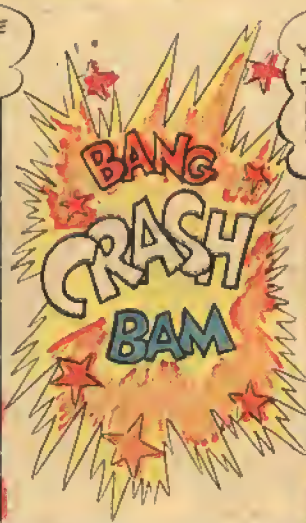






DAD! COME IN HERE!! HURRY UP!

GOOD LORD! WHAT HAPPENED NOW!!





AND HERE'S THE  
REASON THE ANDREWS'  
PHONE IS "OUT OF  
ORDER!"



(SNIFF, SNIFF) I SUPPOSE  
I AM 'FOOLISH' WORRYING  
SO, 'NOTHING POSSIBLY  
COULD HAVE HAPPENED  
TO THEM!!



GOOD GRIEF!  
A CYCLONE MUST  
HAVE STRUCK  
THIS PLACE!!



NEXT  
MORNING!!

WELL, MIGHT  
AS WELL  
HAVE OUR  
BREAKFAST!

MAYBE  
WE  
OUGHTA  
EAT OUT  
THIS  
MORNING,  
DAD!



CLEAN  
KITCHEN...  
BREAKFAST  
PREPARED!

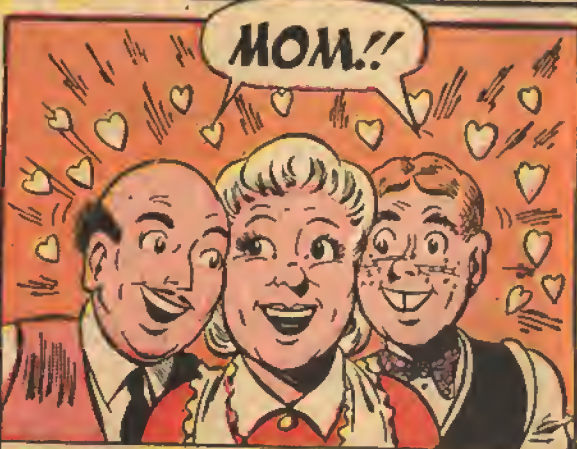
YUM, YUM...  
JUST SMELL  
THOSE FLAPJACKS,  
AN' COFFEE!



ONLY ONE  
PERSON CAN MAKE  
THEM, THAT WAY!



MOM!!



THE NEW ARCHIE COMICS IS OUT NOW!  
ARCHIE III, A COMPLETE BOOK OF ARCHIE  
STORIES! GET YOURS NOW.. ARCHIE...  
THE BIRTH OF A NATION!...



# BENTLEY



**WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY INVOLVING THE INNER TEMPLE? WHO WAS THE PHANTOM LIKE FIGURE CALLED THE SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX? COME WITH BENTLEY ON HIS MOST DANGEROUS CASE, AS HE UNRAVELS THE ADVENTURE OF THE INNER TEMPLE!**

I SAY, BENTLEY, I NEVER KNEW YOU WERE A COLLECTOR OF RARE ITEMS!

DONATED BY J. BENTLEY

WELL IT'S QUITE A STORY!

ONE NIGHT A FEW YEARS BACK I WAS IN MY ROOM AT A HOTEL IN EGYPT, WHEN SUDDENLY I HEARD A HYSTERICAL VOICE SHOUTING---

**WE BEGIN OUR TALE WITH BENTLEY AND HIS COLLEAGUE THE SCOTLAND YARD COMMISSIONER VISITING THE LONDON MUSEUM!**





THE CURSE OF THE SPHINX IS UPON US FOR TRESPASSING AND INVADING THE INNER TEMPLE! WE SHALL ALL DIE! HA, HA, HA!



DON'T BE SILLY, RIDGELY! IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION!

BUT I SAW THE SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX! I'M LEAVING BEFORE IT GETS ME!

HASKINS AND LEWIS ARE RIGHT, RIDGELY!



THE NEXT DAY THE ENTIRE HOTEL WAS AGOG WITH THE NEWS THAT THE HYSTERICAL MAN, RIDGELY, HAD COMMITTED SUICIDE! HIS CLOTHES WERE FOUND NEAR THE RIVER! HE PROBABLY HAD BEEN EATEN BY THE CROCODILES ---



I DECIDED TO SPEAK TO RIDGELY'S COMPANIONS FOR THEIR OWN SAFETY, AND THEY TOLD ME--

NO! INSPECTOR! RIDGELY'S DEATH WAS CAUSED BY AN OVER-WORKED IMAGINATION, NOTHING ELSE!



THE NEXT MORNING I WENT OVER TO THE SPHINX, WHERE I MET AN EXCITED NATIVE--

WHAT IS IT!

I BEG YOU EFFENDI, COME WITH ME! THE SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX HAS AWAKENED!



LOOK, EFFENDI, LOOK!



WHY, IT'S A MUMMY! WAIT A MINUTE, IT'S BLEEDING! HELP ME UNWRAP THE BANDAGES!



GOOD LORD! A CORPSE, WRAPPED IN MUMMY BANDAGES!





I IMMEDIATELY WENT TO QUESTION HASKING AND LEWIS--

RIDGELY SCREAMED ABOUT A CURSE JUST BEFORE HE DIED! WHAT DID HE MEAN?

PERHAPS! BUT IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THE LEGEND SEEMS TO HAVE CLAIMED ANOTHER VICTIM-- EDWIN MEECHAM, AN ARCHEOLOGIST!

GOOD LORD! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK! YOU DON'T THINK-- BUT I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE!

HE REALLY BELIEVED THE MYTH THAT ALL WHO VIOLATE THE TEMPLE OF THE SPHINX ARE DOOMED! JUST NONSENSE!

LATER--

YOU'VE CALLED THE NATIVE POLICE, EH INSPECTOR?

YES, LEWIS! I MAY NEED ALL THE HELP I CAN GET! BY THE WAY WHERE IS HASKING? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM AROUND FOR AWHILE!

THEN SUDDENLY FROM THE HEAD OF THE SPHINX---



LOOK!

WONDER WHO IT IS!

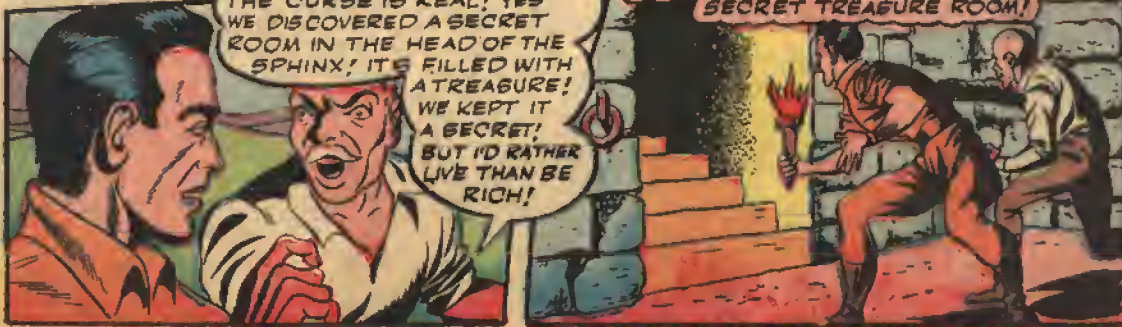


IT'S HASKIN'S!



I'M CONVINCED NOW THAT THE CURSE IS REAL! YES WE DISCOVERED A SECRET ROOM IN THE HEAD OF THE SPHINX! IT'S FILLED WITH A TREASURE! WE KEPT IT A SECRET! BUT I'D RATHER LIVE THAN BE RICH!

I PERSUADED LEWIS TO LEAD ME TO THE SECRET TREASURE ROOM!





LEWIS PRESSED A CERTAIN STONE IN THE  
FOE OF THE STAIRWAY, AND THEN ----



--A HINGED DOOR SLID SILENTLY OPEN FROM  
AN APPARENT SOLID STONE WALL!

COMING WITH  
ME, LEWIS?

NO, BENTLEY, THE INNER  
TEMPLE, DOOR IS DOWN  
THIS  
CORRIDOR!



AS I SLIPPED ALONG  
THE PASSAGEWAY,  
I SUDDENLY FELT  
AS THOUGH THE  
WALLS HAD COLLAPSED  
ON TOP OF ME ---

WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, I WAS  
LED TO A LARGE ROOM, THE INNER TEMPLE,  
AND THEN I WAS ADDRESSED BY A  
MAN WHO WAS SEATED ---

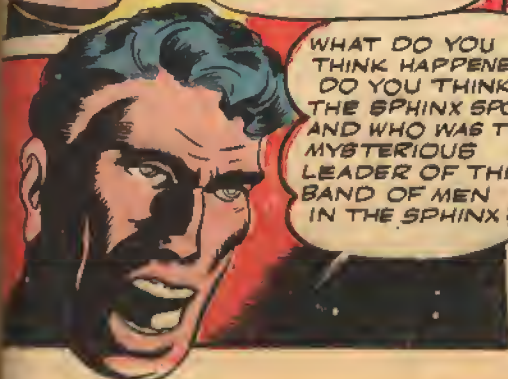


A DEFILER, COME  
WE WILL SEE IF  
HE IS TO BE  
SACRIFICED LIKE  
THE OTHERS  
WERE!



IF OUR LITTLE GODDESS  
SPEAKS, YOU WILL  
LIVE! IF SHE REMAINS  
SILENT, YOU DIE!

YES, YOU WILL  
DIE, BY BEING THROWN  
FROM THE MOUTH OF  
THE SPHINX!



WHAT DO YOU  
THINK HAPPENED!  
DO YOU THINK  
THE SPHINX SPOKE?  
AND WHO WAS THE  
MYSTERIOUS  
LEADER OF THE  
BAND OF MEN  
IN THE SPHINX?

SO THAT'S HOW  
THE OTHERS WERE  
KILLED!





THERE WAS A LONG DRAWN-OUT HUSH AS WE GAZED AT THE MINIATURE SPHINX, THEN--

FOOLS! IT IS ONLY A TRICK! GET HIM! KILL HIM QUICKLY!

BENTLEY MUST NOT DIE! THE TRUE DEFILER IS THE ONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX! HE IS AN IMPOSTER! HIS NAME IS RIDGELY!

THAT WAS A MISTAKE, RIDGELY! THROWING THIS IDOL AT ME!

WHY DO YOU STARE AT ME? KILL HIM! KILL HIM!

YOU THREW THE SACRED IDOL! YOU SHALL DIE!

BENTLEY! DON'T LET THEM KILL ME!

YES - IT'S ME RIDGELY! I KILLED THE OTHERS SO THAT NO ONE WOULD SHARE THE TREASURE WITH ME

BY KILLING THEM I GAINED THE CONFIDENCE OF THESE SPHINX WORSHIPPERS WHO THOUGHT I WAS PROTECTING THEIR PLACE OF WORSHIP! BENTLEY, THAT LEVER! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

"I RAN ALL RIGHT AND GOT OUT OF THAT ROOM JUST BEFORE THE ENTIRE ROOF TOPPLED DOWN! RIDGELY WASN'T FAST ENOUGH-----

"I DIDN'T STOP RUNNING UNTIL I WAS WELL OUT OF THAT PLACE! I MUST CONFESS, I WAS TERRIFIED!"

DID YOU EVER FIND OUT HOW THE MOUTH OF THE SPHINX OPENED! DID IT REALLY SPEAK? AND WHAT OF THE SECRET ROOM?

THE SECRET ROOM WAS FOREVER LOST, AND WITH IT WENT THE SECRET OF HOW THE SPHINX'S MOUTH DID OPEN! AS FOR THE IDOL SPEAKING! WELL I WAS QUITE A VENTRILOQUIST IN MY YOUNGER DAYS!



# Get this JUNIOR AIR RAID WARDEN KIT • READ **FREE** OFFER

Here's an amazing opportunity for every full blooded American boy to prepare himself and his buddies against enemy air attacks. Lots of fun! Exciting! Thrilling! With this special offer you get a complete Junior Air Raid Warden kit and if you act at once, you will receive **FREE** with your order a heavy carrying case (size 14½" long by 10" high) which is built with compartments to hold each of the many items. Read on and learn how to get yours.

## BOYS! BE READY FOR ENEMY AIR ATTACKS

You owe it to your Uncle Sam to know just what to do in the event of an air attack. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit has been devised to enable you to practice and play... **BUT** you learn as you play. You are furnished with a Helmet, First Aid Kit, Bright Metal Badge, Shrill Siren-like Whistle, Junior Arm Band, Identification Cards, Report Sheets, Pencil and Note Book, Gas Mask and Splints. All these items are included so you go through the exciting and thrilling experience while you play of an actual alarm or attack. Everyone of your friends will want to play with you... you will become the most popular boy in the block. All of your boy friends will want a kit. Be the first one to proudly wear and use the many articles included in your Junior Air Raid Warden kit... and don't forget, if you act at once, you receive **FREE** of extra cost with your order, the handsome carrying case which has a handle and everything in it, just like the picture of this advertisement.



**GUARANTEE**—You take no risk! You must be 100% delighted or you may return within five days for full refund of purchase price.

### ALL OF THIS INCLUDED



**This Carrying Case  
FREE WITH YOUR ORDER**



### Just What Every American Boy Needs

You no longer need envy your Dad or neighbor when you see them strut the streets with their air raid warden outfits, whistles, bands, hats, etc. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit contains everything to make you look like a real air raid warden... but better still is the fun you will get out of playing and practicing. Uncle Sam wants every American boy to know his job in the event of an enemy air attack. You need this outfit to help prepare yourself for such an emergency. You can form Junior Air Raid Warden Clubs and enjoy great thrills in this most realistic sport. Order your kit today and be the first one in your neighborhood to gain added popularity. All instructions are included.

### SEND NO MONEY

Just sign your name and address to the coupon. (Write or print carefully in order to avoid mistakes.) We will ship the complete outfit, including the free carrying case (size 14½" long x 10" high) by return mail. Deposit \$1.69, plus postage, with the postman on arrival but act at once because a limited number are only available at this special introductory price.

KAY NOVELTY CO. Dept. 2005  
535 FIFTH AVE., New York, N. Y.

**RUSH COUPON  
NOW!**

### AIR RAID SHELTER

KAY NOVELTY CO.  
Dept. 2005, 535 Fifth Ave.  
New York, N. Y.

Send me one of your thrilling and exciting complete Junior Air Raid Warden Kits by return mail. Also include the heavy Carrying Case (size 14½" L x 10" H) without extra cost. I will pay postman \$1.69, plus postage on arrival. It is understood if I am not 100% delighted I may return within five days and you will refund purchase price.

Name

Street

City  State

**NOTE:** Only two kits will be delivered to a single customer at this introductory price.



# REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

WOULD MARRY JIM IF  
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE  
FILTHY BLACKHEADS  
OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB  
TO TALK TO  
HIM RIGHT  
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY  
VACUTEX FOR THOSE  
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT  
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB.  
IT SOUNDS  
WORTH  
TRYING

JIM DARLING,  
HOW NICE AND  
CLEAN YOU  
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK  
VACUTEX  
FOR THAT  
MONEY!



## AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

ONLY  
THREE  
EASY  
STEPS

UGLY  
BLACKHEADS  
USE  
VACUTEX



THEY'RE  
OUT!

**RUSH  
COUPON**  
**Send No  
MONEY**

## 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 6207  
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

- ☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.  
☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....